

# Life



APRIL 17, 1924

*"Hey! Only two bases on that!"*

PRICE 15 CENTS



# Making *Fords ride like* Lincolns

**R**iding comfort is simply a matter of properly cushioning the car on air. And now a perfected air-cushion for the Ford is at hand, a clincher balloon tire that

- fits right on present Ford rims without any change whatsoever,
- is almost 100% bigger in air volume than a regular size cord,
- requires only 20 to 25 lbs. of air pressure for the normal load
- and costs no more than an oversize cord.

This tire is the Ford-size Michelin Comfort Cord Balloon.

A full line of balloon tires that fit present rims, replacing tires 30 x 3½ clincher to 35 x 5 straight-side.

Unlike other balloon tires which fit only straight-side rims, this Michelin tire requires no change whatsoever in the clincher rims which are standard Ford equipment.

Once you have fitted your Ford with these wonderful tires, it will seem to have wings as it floats over the rough spots with hardly a jar or a false note.

And its life will be lengthened as much as 50%—a saving that in itself will pay for the tires many times over.

You cannot afford not to change to Michelin Comfort Cords. Your Michelin dealer has them in stock now.

Michelin Tire Company, Milltown, N. J.

## MICHELIN

*Balloon*  
Comfort Cords

MARMON can be depended on . . . . .



# MARMON

*can be depended on . . . . . It can*

be depended on for safety and comfort. It can be depended on to deliver you at your destination on time and without fatigue. It can be depended on day after day and year after year under stresses and strains. And finally when the time comes for its resale—it can be depended on . . .

NORDYKE & MARMON COMPANY • Established 1851 • INDIANAPOLIS



**PROUD** Marmon owners comment eagerly on the daily faithfulness and unfailing dependability of their cars.

## Constant Mountain Use

I purchased a Marmon for use of the Commission in May, 1922. Upon the recommendation of what this car had done, a second Marmon was purchased by the contractors. These cars are in constant use in drives between the east and west portals of the tunnel. Every trip to the west portal from Denver means crossing the Divide at an elevation of 11,000 feet. I know of no greater test to try the merits of a car.

W. P. ROBINSON, President  
Moffat Tunnel Commission  
Denver, Colo.

643

## 165,000 Miles

My Marmon's history began with the war, and since that time I have driven it upward of 165,000 miles. It was often used for weeks at a time, driven 24 hours a day, by three different engineers. My chauffeur recently said: "Mr. Goebel, this Marmon gets better every six months!" To say that I am satisfied is putting it mildly.

J. GOEBEL, President, J. Goebel Co.  
Clays, Crucibles, Chalks,  
New York City

643

## From an Engineer

I have owned seven other makes of cars in my life. After quite a bit of investigation and deliberation, I made up my mind on a Marmon. Being an engineer myself, I feel sure that enables me to appreciate the fine points of mechanical construction of your car. It is in a class by itself as to comfort, and I find it very economical as to fuel.

I have just returned from a 550-mile trip, and my average mileage to a gallon of fuel was 16.4 miles. The power is in excess of any demand I have had occasion to make on it. It surely is the monarch of the road.

R. W. COMPTON, Member A. S. M. E.  
Manager, Atlanta, Ga., office  
The Hooven, Owens, Rentschler Co.

643

## 162,000 Miles

You may add my name to the list of 100,000 mile Marmon owners, because my Marmon has gone over 162,000 of the most pleasurable and troubleless miles it has ever been my pleasure to experience in a long history of car ownership. WALTER B. McELDOWNEY  
Canton, Ohio

643

## Owens Twelfth Marmon

I am now driving my twelfth Marmon, a 1923 four-passenger touring, which has given me exceptionally good service and satisfaction. "The proof of the pudding is in the eating," and that leaves nothing further for me to say of your cars, in view of the number I have owned.

R. E. HENDERSON, Treasurer  
The Carrollton Pottery Company  
Carrollton, Ohio



**For Shaving without  
BRUSH or LATHER**



Apply Mollé with the finger tips

Shave with Ease and smoothness

**MOLLÉ Beard Softening CREAM**  
("Just say MÖ-LAY")

Gives a new ease, speed and refreshing comfort to your daily shave.

Instead of the old brush and lather way, simply wash the face, to remove dust and dirt; spread soothing, softening Mollé over the beard, then use the razor. And after shaving merely dry the face; that's all! No lotions or talcum are ever needed.

An improved method of shaving that prevents all soreness or irritation, and keeps the face in the pink of condition.

**Trial Tube 10¢**



At good drug stores everywhere. A whole of a tube for 50 cents. Made solely by The Pryde-Wynn Co., New Brighton, Pa.



**BEFORE** buying trunks send for Catalogue L showing full line of **INNOVATION** Wardrobe Trunks.

"Lightest and strongest in the world"

**\$35 to \$250**

**INNOVATION TRUNK COMPANY**  
329 5th Avenue, New York City

**PATENTS** Write today for free instruction book and Record of Invention blank. Send sketch or model for personal opinion. CLARENCE A. O'BRIEN, Registered Patent Lawyer, 197-B Security Savings & Com'l Bank Bld'g, directly across st. from Patent Office, Washington, D. C.

### The Local Season Opens

(For Release to All Local Newspapers the Next Day.)

THE local baseball season opened auspiciously here yesterday, with a hotly contested game between our own (name of town) Tigers and the (name of next town along railroad) Fire Eaters, which resulted in a (sweeping) (slight) (victory) (defeat) for us by the close score of — to —.

The first ball was pitched by Col. (name of leading sporting goods dealer and druggist) and was laughingly called a strike by Umpire (name of chief of police). From this time on the fun waxed fast and furious, music being supplied between the innings by the (name of town music teacher) Silver Cornet and Military Band.

At the end of the seventh inning, Capt. (name of captain) of our rivals objected to a ruling of the umpire, and was justly rebuked for his unsportsmanlike conduct by our own Capt. (name of our own captain). His opponent then told him to go to (name of destination). The umpire then

asked, very properly, "Is that so?" to which a reply was given in the affirmative. Reports differ as to what happened after that, though it is conceded that our brave boys conducted themselves as befitted citizens of the fastest-growing little town outside of New York. A good time was had by one and all.

Mine Host (name of mine host) of the Duplex Undertaking Parlors and Hospital tells ye scribe that most of his patients will be out in a few days. The grandstand will be rebuilt by popular subscription.

A. C. M. A., Jr.

### A Note on Language and Love

WHAT a trifling matter is the position of an adjective! Yet what a world of difference it makes! A dormant phrase becomes a vital one; a wholly new significance is kindled. Consider the letter that begins, "Dear Alice," and the one that begins, "Alice dear." The first might be a declination of a stupid dinner party; the other could only be written with Cupid's dart for a pen.

### Science proves the danger of bleeding gums

MEDICAL science proves that unhealthy gums cause serious ailments. People suffering from Pyorrhea (a disease of the gums) often suffer from other ills, such as rheumatism, anaemia, nervous disorders or weakened vital organs. These ills have been traced in many cases to the Pyorrhea germs which breed in pockets about the teeth.

Four out of five people over forty have Pyorrhea. It begins with tender and bleeding gums. Then the gums recede, the teeth decay loosen and fall out, or must be extracted to rid the system of the infecting Pyorrhea germs.

Guard your health and your teeth. Keep Pyorrhea away. Visit your dentist often for teeth and gum inspection, and make daily use of Forhan's For the Gums.

Forhan's For the Gums will prevent Pyorrhea—or check its progress—if used consistently. Ordinary dentifrices cannot do this. Forhan's will keep the gums firm and healthy, the teeth white and clean.

35c and 60c tubes in U. S. and Canada.

Formula of  
R. J. Forhan, D. D. S.  
FORHAN CO.  
New York  
Forhan's, Ltd.,  
Montreal



**Forhan's**  
FOR THE GUMS





• Wahl All-Metal Pen  
Gold-filled or silver.  
At all dealers \$4. to \$10.

WE MAKE  
OUR OWN  
Gold point, iridium-  
tipped—the vital  
part. We make our  
own, carefully, pains-  
takingly. Perfect  
points guaranteed.



Beauty as well as  
fine writing qualities

#### WHAT MADE THE WAHL METAL PEN POSSIBLE

The ink in the self-filling fountain pen is held in a rubber sac within the barrel. So it is no longer necessary to use a material for the barrel that acid in the ink will not eat away.

The Wahl metal construction gives greater strength, greater ink capacity, and the beauty which is found only in engraved gold or silver.

THE Wahl metal pen, with finer writing qualities, has the beauty also that everyone prefers in personal articles.

Carried in the pocket of the big executive, the banker, or the professional man, it looks its part. And taken in hand to dash off a signature, it suits performance to appearance. Good balance gives hand comfort, and a perfect point assures smooth, clean-cut writing.

The all-metal construction results in

far greater durability. Drop the Wahl Pen, strike it in your pocket, subject it to unusual abuse—it does not break. And the metal barrel, larger in bore than a hard rubber barrel, holds more ink.

You will like the Wahl Pen for its appearance, you will like its writing ease, and you will be pleased to find that it is made in designs exactly matching your Wahl Eversharp Pencil.

The Wahl Pen is the modern pen—look it up at your dealer's.

Made in U. S. A. by THE WAHL COMPANY, CHICAGO

Canadian Factory, THE WAHL COMPANY, LTD., TORONTO

Manufacturers of the Wahl Eversharp and the Wahl All-Metal Fountain Pen

# WAHL PEN



Copyright, 1924, Hart Schaffner & Marx

## MONTHS LATER

New clothes nearly always look well at first; the important test comes months later. You get the "months later" assurance when you find our name in them.

*A small thing to look for—a big thing to find*

## HART SCHAFFNER & MARX

# Life

NOW that France is levying a tax upon titles, we hope she will be specifically severe with the one that starts, "Came the dawn—"

—L

Nowadays, it's a wise Munsey newspaper that knows its own name.

—L

A temple to a female deity dating from 6000 B. C. has been unearthed in Ur, Mesopotamia.

"And I learned about women from Ur."

—L

Messrs. Denby, Daugherty and Fall might now get together and form the League of Resignations.

## Blessed Relief

**T**HROUGH the smoke of horrid scandals,  
Midst the bubbling of the oil,  
While the Governmental vandals  
Hunggrily divide the spoil—  
Through the cries for reparations,  
Through the talk of meagre crops,  
Through the threats of war-like nations,  
Past the Prince of Wales's flops—  
Sounds an uproar, Empyrean,  
Sent to fill our empty cup,  
Hear it! Cheer it! Joyful paean:  
**BATTER UP!**

The radio, says an authority, is making English the universal language. Perhaps that is one reason why so many New Yorkers have trouble with their receiving sets.

—L

The Chinafication of America will be complete when our college cheer leaders abbreviate Rah, rah, rah to Pong.

—L

In the country the hens lay for you; in the city the yeggs lay for you.

—L

We should like to hear from the man who observed, in the campaign of 1920, "I'm going to vote for the Republicans because they at least will assure us of a good Cabinet."



AS IF ANYBODY CARED

*The Important Gentleman:* FOR BREAKFAST, I EAT HALF A GRAPEFRUIT, TWO EGGS (FRESH EVERY MORNING), MAYBE A BIT OF HAM OR BACON, ROLLS AND COFFEE.  
(If you listen he'll tell you what he eats for lunch and dinner.)





"JUST YOU WAIT TILL I GET OUT. I'LL SHOW YOU WHETHER I'M HOLY."

## Comedy in Four Acts

### ACT I

(SCENE: *Smoking Car*)

FIRST MAN: Well, Perkins, are you going to vote for Washerson or Jefferton for President?

SECOND MAN: I'll tell you, Simmons. I'm in favor of light wines and dark beer, and I know a man who knows a cousin of Jefferton, and he says that Jefferton has an open mind on the subject. I'm going to vote for Jefferton.

### ACT II

(SCENE: *Country Store*)

FIRST FARMER: Well, Ed, are you going to vote for Washerson or Jefferton?

SECOND FARMER: I'll tell you, Sam. I'll allow that Washerson is the better man and the platform he's standing on is O. K.; but there ain't nobody in my family ever yet voted Democratic, and I guess I ain't the one to begin. I'm gonna vote for Jefferton.

### ACT III

(SCENE: *Front Porch*)

FIRST LADY: Well, Myra, are you going to vote for Washerson or Jefferton for President?

SECOND LADY: Well, I certainly won't vote for Washerson. I heard it right from Mrs. DePhame, whose father was a classmate of Washerson in college, that Washerson used to drink every Saturday night all through his junior year. I'm going to vote for Jefferton.

### ACT IV

(SCENE: *Steps of the Capitol. President Jefferton Reading His Inaugural*)

"And, my fellow citizens, the recent election was more than a mere choosing of a President; it was a great national referendum on the question of our foreign relations. The platform of the Republican party clearly stated as follows: 'The party favors the most harmonious co-operation with the other nations of the world, so long as such co-operation in no way involves the national honor so dear to the hearts of our fathers.' The people have spoken. They have declared themselves in favor of national honor. The United States will become involved in no entangling intercourse with foreign nations."

CURTAIN

George R. Walker.



"AIN'T THAT THE CAT'S WHISKERS?"







"WHAT WERE WE TALKING ABOUT? I WANT TO TALK SOME MORE ABOUT IT."

### Welcome, Robert Bridges

**W**ELCOME, thrice welcome, you who wear the bays  
Bestowed on him who pipes his people's lays,  
Who tells in song the tale of England's glory  
Which greater gleams as grows her epic story.  
For where her flag waves over lands or seas  
Her sons have learned that England's victories  
Are of the soul, and that the ages bring  
Their richest gifts for truths her poets sing.

There was a time when he who laurels won  
For hymning Britain's questing of the sun  
Held not our hearts, but we to-day are giving  
Our love to you. The dead speak to the living  
From stricken fields across the surging sea,  
Where heroes gained their immortality;  
The sons you mourn were brothers to our sons—  
The pact they made through all our future runs!

*Edward S. Van Zile.*

### Life

"**M**RS. JONES and Mrs. Smith feel so sorry for each other."

"Why?"

"One has a baby and the other has not."

**W**ILLIE (to hardware store clerk): I want to get half a dozen of the kind of tacks that school-teachers sit on.

### My Husband Says

**T**HAT we are commanded to love our neighbors as we do ourselves, but he says he sometimes hates himself.

I think nearly all our neighbors are really very charming. Of course I wish the little boy who lives next door wouldn't pull up our plants quite so often, but his mother says that Freddie is positively pathetic in his love of flowers. And Mrs. Spote has not spoken to us since our Tiddledewinks scratched her Aristotle on the nose. It really shows dreadfully, so he can never enter another show.

But my husband says it doesn't matter because he has several blue ribbons now and he never wears them anyhow.

*L. Blanche Simpson.*

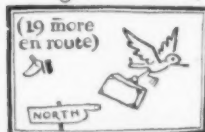


**Burglar:** HERE, OLD MAN, HAVE A NIP O' THIS, IT'LL QUIET YER NERVES.

## O B R I G H T S P R I N G D A Y !



O B R I G H T Spring day!  
O beauteous morn!  
when brand-new lids  
our girls adorn;



when northbound birdies  
by the score  
report for service  
as of yore;



when flowers bloom  
and earthworms squirm  
and fever dulls us  
for a term;



when rabbits do  
the chickens' stuff  
by laying eggs  
from green to buff;



when winter duds  
are stowed away  
and brand-new lambkins  
romp and play;



when moving vans  
and flivvers blossom  
and bushes quit  
their playing 'possum;

when snowbirds chuck  
their season tickets  
and fill up on  
fat baby crickets;



when advertised  
vacation trips  
bedevil us  
to pack our grips;



when creeks are high  
beyond their banks  
and idlers greet  
the soapbox cranks;



when country lanes  
are full of mud  
where footfalls plash  
their sticky thud;



when lawns perk up  
and seeds go down  
and style demands  
a brighter gown;



when rabid golfers  
outward pass  
to gouge great gullies  
in the grass;



when poems pour  
from busy bards  
through magazines  
and greeting cards;



when home, sweet home  
takes on a meaning  
after all that  
spring housecleaning;



when field mice go  
back out of doors  
from winter quarters  
in our floors;



when young men's fancies  
(with a shove  
from well-trained eyelids)  
dwell on love;

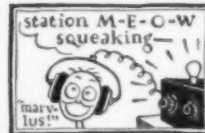


when brides-to-be  
make dates for June  
and coming showers  
ring the moon;



when lowly husbands  
search their jeans  
and keep on living  
past their means;

when radios  
don't work so well  
as when the wind  
was cold as that;



when kids play tag  
around the block  
and Winter's woes  
jump off the dock;



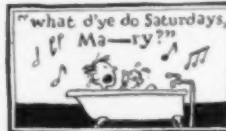
when Winter,  
like a grumpy guest,  
is gone at last,  
the dank old pest;



when bursting buds  
bedeck the trees  
and wool gives way  
to beevy dees;



when jonquils line  
the garden paths  
and folks return  
to full-length baths;



when skies and eyes  
and nose are clear,  
then, friend of mine,  
I'm glad I'm here!





THE NONCONFORMIST

*Agatha:* THE CLIMATE OF THAT PLACE WON'T SUIT FLORENCE.

*Harriett:* WHERE IS SHE?

*Agatha:* I HAVEN'T THE FAINTEST IDEA.





"WHY, AUNT CELIA! YOU ARE WEARING YOUR BEAUTIFUL NEW DRESS, AND EASTER DOESN'T COME TILL TO-MORROW."

"LAND SAKES, CHILE, DON'T DE ALMANAC SAY IT'S GWINE RAIN TO-MORRER?"

### How to Become a Political Nonentity

NEVER make a speech in Congress unless it is absolutely necessary.

Pay your own traveling expenses abroad.

Limit your investments to first-class securities in which there is not the slightest danger of contamination with either oil or water.

Tell only the honest-to-goodness truth about yourself in the Congressional Directory.

Never climb on a band-wagon while it is in motion.

Be your own Favorite Son and admit it frankly.

Let your holiday trips to Palm Beach, Atlantic City and similar resorts be for no purpose other than recreation.

Keep perfectly healthy during important investigations.

Never write a testimonial for (a) the Great American Play, (b) the Great American Motion Picture, (c) the Great American Novel.

Never challenge your distinguished opponent to step outside and repeat what he has just said on the floor.

Keep your personal accounts in such a way that any child can understand them.

Live within your salary. F. W.



### A SHORT CUT

"VERNON, DEAR, WHY DON'T YOU SELL SOME OF YOUR ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS? THEY SEEM TO BE BRINGING MORE MONEY THAN ANYTHING ELSE JUST NOW."

### Journalistic Portraits

*The Home Team's New Pitcher as You Picture Him After Reading Accounts in the Sport Pages.*

HE has all the stuff ever claimed for Amos Rusie, Rube Waddell and Three-Fingered Brown and may be worth a start in the big leagues after five more years of seasoning. His curve ball is as deceptive as Frank Merriwell's and the Regulars made nine hits off him yesterday in three innings. He has better control than Cy Young and in his last game gave twelve bases on balls. His speed is greater than Walter Johnson's and the only trouble with his fast ball is that it is too slow. He is the greatest pitching find since Christy Mathewson was discovered and probably will go back to Wichita next week.

McC. H.

### False Scent

"H-S-S-T!"

"Who's there?"

"I have some whisk—"

(Sound of sliding bolts, squeaking locks, and opening of heavy doors.)

"—brooms that—"

(Sound of scuffling feet and the crash of glass.)

SINCE d'Annunzio was made a prince, all the minor poets of Italy have taken to drilling.

## "We Want Bigger and Better Wars"

LIFE'S great War Prize Contest has ended in a veritable blaze of glory, and the judges are now feverishly wading through the vast mass of contributions. The four prize-winners will be announced in the May 8th issue of LIFE, and the public will then learn the identity of those heroes who are to be personally responsible for the next war.

In the weeks that intervene, we shall continue to publish representative war plans, selected from the thousands of manuscripts which have been submitted. Among them are these:

### Old but Good

SEND an American battleship to a Japanese port. Blow up the ship. Blame it on the Japs. Remember the Maine.

MONROE MARBLESTONE.  
510 West 151st St., New York,  
N. Y.

### Liberty or Death

CULTIVATE the spirit of our ancestors. They started a war rather than have TEA forced upon them.

This generation submits to less than one per cent. in its beer.

A. S. PIRIE.  
9109 Kresge Street, Detroit,  
Mich.

### A Wide Range

ESTABLISH universal military training.

Glorify military heroes over others.

Teach "jingo" history in the schools.

Boast of "cleaning up" and "licking" other nations.

Read and believe the Hearst newspapers.

Permit private individuals to make and sell munitions of war.

Increase the Army and Navy beyond the needs of defense.

Grant immunity from front-line service to the real war-makers.

Give away natural resources.

Treat national lines as established by God.

Grab more of the earth's surface than we need and prevent the land-hungry from occupying it.

Erect passport and tariff barriers between our own and all other countries.

Cultivate a superiority complex; realize we are a chosen people—that we are more important in the scheme of things than any other race.

Stay at home, pull down the blinds, refuse to answer the door bell, and imagine the neighbors are



The Senate: IF THIS THING GROWS MUCH BIGGER I MAY HAVE TO DROP IT.

sitting up nights planning wars against us.

In short, go right on as we are going now.

MISS LOUISE AYER.  
1114 Bay Street, Alameda, Calif.

### Propaganda Salesmen

PRESENT all newspaper editors and clergymen in the United States with fat and juicy shares of stock in companies engaged in the manufacture of war munitions.

A. C. HART.  
448 East 26th St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

### Perfect Isolation

A BIGGER and better war! The Editor is not talking about a civil war, nor a war between a few nations. He can mean one thing, and one thing only: The United States versus The World. There you have a scrap!

How? Easy. Allow no more

ships to leave or enter our ports. Cut the cables. Put an army on the borders. Shunt the nation's surplus energy from entangling operations to the making of war munitions on an unheard-of scale. Headline our brilliant military past. Announce confidently to the American people that we aim only at self-defense; but—just look at what we can do if we're attacked!

Then elect Hiram Johnson President. The news will leak out.

R. S. UNDERWOOD.  
Auburn, Alabama.

### Oil and Trouble

Do something mean to the Standard Oil Company. Our Government has shown (at Smyrna, Tampico, in Java, and other places) how sensitively it resents slights put upon the Standard Oil Company. Let four men, disguised as (a) Austrians, (b) Russians, (c)

(Continued on page 36)



THE LION OF THE HOUR

### For Future Reference

A SCIENTIST has said that the world is good for five thousand years more, inclusive of ordinary wear and tear and overhead. This is encouraging; perhaps before the date indicated some lucky lad will—

See a ticket purchased on the sidewalk positively refused at a theatre door.

See an elevator operator close the safety gate before starting his cage.

See a man carrying a lighted cigar or cigarette on the platform of a street car fined \$500 or imprisoned for one year, or both.

See any one at a telephone signal Central by moving the receiver hook slowly up and down a few times.

See a pedestrian about to cross a New York street wait until traffic moving in both directions has been entirely stopped.

See some one who has actually seen any one of the above.

A. C. M. A., Jr.

### Concerning Cows

COWS have such a serious look,

They must be thinking.

But I don't know;

I've seen the same look

On men.

McI.

NO man is really successful until his mother-in-law admits it.

## Mrs. Pep's Diary

April  
10th

Awake very betimes, in eagerness to get at my novel, *The Green Bay Tree*, by Louis Bromfield, the best I have read in many a day. Of making many books there is no end, as the Bible says, but the good ones are few and far between. Deeply impressed, too, by the scene where Lily dresses up Ellen Tolliver, for methinks greater love hath no woman than this—that she hand over to an indigent cozen three Paris frocks she has never worn herself... My friend Marge Boothby did come in about eleven, well-nigh distraught through having broken a hand mirror and prating much of seven years' ill fortune, and I could do naught but chide her for retaining such mediaeval beliefs after all her parents had spent to enlighten her. Then I took her forth to buy her a present as a solace to her sorrow, and we went to a perfume counter, but Lord! they would not let us smell any of the imported extracts, and I do think that women, now that they are enfranchised, should pass laws dealing with such injustices, for buying a pig in a poke is naught compared with this one. ...To luncheon at an inn with Sam, and he did tell us where poor Jack Mitchell's imbibing has finally brought him, adding that the gutter would not be so bad a place to come to if the reports were true about the money thrown into it.

April  
11th

"A Kentucky Woman's Cook Book," by Jessie Henderson Colville, arrived by the first post and I, like a fool, fell a-reading of it, and grew so hungry thereby that my frugal tray did not content me, so I did order extra viands to supplement my regular fare. But Lord! the best book in the land would never make a cook of me, who am so maladroit in a kitchen that I cannot brew a pot of tea without burning a finger or two. And I do pray to be spared any clutch of circumstance which would force upon me the preparation of my own food, being confident that a fortnight would see me sitting in the forest waiting for a brace of ravens... At bridge all the afternoon, gaining thirty dollars, for which I thank God, and in the evening to see "Lollipop" again, a gay show with much  
(Continued on page 31)





*Catcher:* TWENTY-FOUR RUNS YA GIVE 'EM ALREADY 'N' ONLY THE FOIST INNIN'. THEY DON'T COME NO ROTTINER THAN YOU!  
*Skippy:* OH, IS THAT SO?



*Skippy:* ALL RIGHT, BATTER, LET'S SEE YA HIT THAT!



*Skippy:* TST! TST! TST!



*Players:* YA'RE TERRIBLE! AWFUL! LET SOMEBODY PITCH WHAT CAN PITCH. TWENTY-FIVE RUNS ALREADY!

*Skippy:* NOW LEAVE THIS TO ME, FELLERS!



*Skippy:* SOME CATCHER! A SOUTH-PAW UP 'N' HE SIGNALS FOR AN IN-SHOOT! UGH! UH! NO! UGH! UH! AH! THE H— WITH HIM! I'LL PITCH WHAT I WANT!



!!!!!!!



*Team:* WE DON'T WANT NO MERRY-GO-ROUND! GIVE HIM A SOCK IN THE NOSE, SOMEBODY! FIRE HIM OFF'N THE TEAM! LET'S GET A PITCHER! ALL AFTERNOON 'N' ONLY THE FIRST INNIN' ALREADY!

*Skippy:* ALL RIGHT, FELLERS! LET'S GO! PLAY BALL!



*Skippy:* I SUPPOSE I'LL HAVE TO USE MY OLE SPITBALL, ONLY NOBODY'LL KNOW IT! SIMPLE DISGUSTFUL— THAT'S WHAT IT IS!



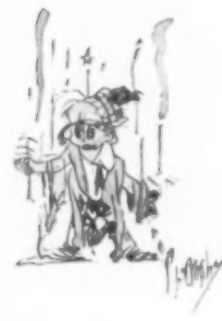
*Skippy:* HIT THIS, YA RINSED-OUT TOAD!



*Skippy:* NOW FOR A TRIPLE PLAY!



*Team:* MOIDER 'IM! DON'T BE GREEDY— LET ME GET A CRACK AT 'IM! THE STARS IS COMIN' OUT 'N' WE AIN'T EVEN BEEN UP YET! TAKE THIS 'N' THIS! WE'LL LEARN YA!



*Skippy:* LOOKA HERE, FELLERS! I AIN'T GETTIN' THE SUPPORT LIKE I OUGHTA!

Skippy



APRIL 17, 1924

VOL. 83. 2163

*"While there is Life there's Hope"*

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MR. DAUGHERTY went out with March, neither like a lion nor like a lamb, but just went; kindly but firmly assisted by Mr. Coolidge. There was some discussion whether Mr. Coolidge should not have fired him sooner, or harder, or differently in some respects from the way he did fire him. The *World* had it that he had done it wrong in all particulars, and had not done himself any good. The faithful Republican papers felt that no member of a Cabinet was ever fired more artistically and nearer the right time. The main thing is that he is out, and that there is general agreement in the public mind that his departure is of benefit to the public interest.

The Ohio end of the Harding administration ought to be put on the stage as a tragedy, for it has been extraordinarily tragic. Think of them! Putting aside Mr. Harding, think of Daugherty, Jess Smith and Hamon! For good measure think of their associate, Fall! There is no sign that Daugherty has any conception of what integrity of character is. He gives no indication of knowing about it. Very little was known about it in that political group that was so close to Mr. Harding. What they understood pretty well was sticking to their friends; of course, at public expense. Mr. Wilson, it may be recalled, was often accused of political ingratitude. No accusation of that kind lies against his successor, nor yet against Daugherty, Fall, Smith or Hamon.



IT is a remarkable thing that Congress by unanimous vote in both Houses (the President approving) should have

authorized the coinage of five million silver half-dollars commemorating the inauguration of the Stone Mountain Confederate Monument, near Atlanta, Ga. This is Borglum's monument—a dozen figures on horseback including Davis, Lee and Stonewall Jackson. The heads of Davis and Jackson are being carved and will be unveiled on June 3, Davis' birthday. The coins are to be handled by the Memorial Association, which hopes to sell them for a dollar apiece, half of which will be profit.

If the sculpture turns out well it will be a wonderful thing, but not more wonderful than the action of Congress and the fact that it has given rise to so little remonstrance. So far as is noticed, no one objects. The reason doubtless is that the monument will simply record a great episode in American history. It will be historical; not political. One can buy the half-dollars in the name of history and art.



THE two new Cardinals have got their red hats and will be coming home again. The ceremony of investiture was stately and splendid and very completely reported in the American press. So now there are two more American-born "Princes of the Church," as to whom and their advancement the *World* observed that "there is a strong sense of national pride which extends to the non-Catholic population." "And the occasion itself," it said, "enthralled American attention because we are so plain and new, and the investiture of a Cardinal at Rome is so ornate and old."

Well, perhaps so. But the truth is that we are no newer than the Italians.

We are transplanted Europeans, and they are Europeans that stayed at home, and that is the difference. Cardinals are a product, not of Galilee, but of Europe. The American idea found voice in the words of the Pilgrim father whose band, he said, had come to found "a State without a king and a Church without a bishop." And as for our national pride in having red hats come to Americans, the *World* may feel it, but for our part we have not been stirred by any deep emotion of that nature, but have been moved rather by a sense of entertainment handsomely offered and of advertisement achieved. The control of the Roman Catholic Church will continue to be in Italians. American Cardinals will be appointed from time to time, for such appointments are a natural consequence of the fact that this is a large country with a good many active people in it, of whom maybe twenty million are Catholics, and prosperous. Material power and economic importance count of course and inevitably in the selection of American Catholics to be Cardinals. So far as American importance goes, it does mean something, but we Americans are rather cloyed with importance, and desire not so much to be assured of it, as to see some way by which it can be made more serviceable to mankind.

More impressive than anything that was written about the ceremonies at Rome was something contributed by the *World* itself—the picture on its front page of the tenement houses in which the reverend men, who have just been made Cardinals, were born. There really was something moving in that picture. Shows can be gotten up and the establishment at Rome knows how to do it, but when two men born in tenement houses in New York are called to Rome to become Cardinals, that counts for more than peacock fans and incense and magnificent ceremonies in a splendid setting.



THE list of great business concerns that have given up roadside advertising is impressive. The Standard Oil heads it and the list is long and the corporations in it are powerful. It looks like the beginning of a clean-up that has long been overdue. E. S. Martin.



SPRING TRAINING







The National Game



### Obiter Dicta

THERE seems to be some surprise expressed in surprise-expressing circles that so slight and incredible a play as Dorothy Heyward's "Nancy Ann" should have won the Harvard Prize and been accorded production by the amiable Mr. Herndon. Following Philip Barry's "You and I," which won the 1922 prize, the current victor, it is claimed, rattles around in its laurel wreath.

We doubtless would have been among the leaders of the eyebrow raisers were it not for the fact that we were one of the judges who awarded the prize to "Nancy Ann." That world-weary look of centuries of suffering which people have noticed in our great brown eyes comes from having read some fifty play manuscripts last summer in an attempt to determine which one of Professor Baker's pupils had the best chance of wearing the mantle of Molière for the season 1923-4. We have a suspicion that we were selected for the job by Professor Baker and Mr. Herndon because of some earlier iconoclastic utterance of ours about the English 47 Workshop. We could almost hear them saying, above the voice from the burning bush which designated us a judge, "All right. You are so smart. Try reading several dozen plays and see what *you* would do."



AS a result of our trial by jury-duty, we have emerged with a great, human sympathy in our heart for managers who have to make a selection for their season's productions from the plays which are submitted to them. The wonder is not that such bad plays are produced, but that any plays at all are produced.

Perhaps some idea may be gleaned of what the other plays in the competition were like when we say that "Nancy Ann" was chosen with hardly a word being spoken between the judges. It was tacitly and almost immediately recognized as the best. There was one other which was better in some respects (we forget which), but "Nancy Ann" was the only one which brought moisture to a glass held before its mouth.



THERE were dozens of them with great social messages. There were dozens of "First Years," depicting the humdrum round of daily life with such phrases as "Don't forget

your rubbers, Bessie" and "Ain't that cake baked yet?" There were still further dozens which threw off overtones of *Weltschmerz* and soul-malaria in scenes which meant absolutely nothing to the naked eye. In short, there were replicas of almost every type of play that has been accorded any measure of praise from any source whatsoever during the past three seasons.

And then came "Nancy Ann" with nothing at all to recommend her except that she could walk. To the depleted judges, groping through the Eden Musée of synthetic wax-works, this unimpressive little sketch seemed like "Peter Pan," simply because every now and again it breathed faintly.



IN the production which Mr. Herndon has so graciously given "Nancy Ann," Miss Francine Larrimore adds about one hundred and eleven per cent. to the vitality of the young lady heroine. Whatever Miss Larrimore may not know how to do, she unquestionably has a gift for galvanizing, and her weird and inexplicable technique comes to the aid of many a line of *Nancy Ann's* and gives it a value which Lloyd's would never have dreamed of placing on it before the opening of the show. And for about three minutes, in a quite impossible scene with the gentle Tom Nesbitt, she makes the preliminaries to a stage kiss as interesting as if kissing were a new stunt just devised in the English 47 Workshop, being tried out on the stage for the first time. There certainly was nothing like that in the play when we read it last summer.



THE older we grow, the less irritated we are at musical comedies like "Paradise Alley." In our crusading days, we would have spent a lot of time heaving over the banality of the book, the criminal negligence of the lyrics and the harm done to the already weakened public mind by the show in general. We should probably have had to stay in bed a couple of days after seeing it, recovering from the toxic effect of our indignation. Now, we not only are not upset by it, but we sit through the whole performance, nodding pleasantly in that first delicious sleep which steals on after a good dinner.

Robert C. Benchley.

# Confidential Guide

Owing to the time it takes to print LIFE, readers should verify from the daily newspapers the continuance of the attractions at the theatres mentioned.

## More or Less Serious

**Cyrano de Bergerac.** *National*—Walter Hampden in one classic that ought always to be in revival.

**Hell-Bent fer Heaven.** *Frazee*—A thoroughly interesting portrayal of religious mania, well done.

**The Highwayman.** *Vanderbilt*—To be reviewed later.

**The Miracle.** *Century*—You have never seen anything like it.

**Mister Pitt.** *Moroso*—The tragedy of the Poor Boob, done in a manner to wring your heart.

**The Outsider.** *Ambassador*—A drama of healing with unusually exciting moments. Katharine Cornell and Lionel Atwill.

**Outward Bound.** *Ritz*—What happens after you die. Of course, if you're not interested—

**Rain.** *Marine Elliott's*—Jeanne Eagels still showing them up.

**Saint Joan.** *Empire*—Winifred Lenihan in Shaw's version of the Maid's career.

**Seventh Heaven.** *Booth*—War-time Paris adapted for the theatre and for Helen Menken.

**The Shame Woman.** *Comedy*—The wages of sin in the mountain districts.

**Sun-Up.** *Princess*—A sincere and moving account of the backwoods reaction to the war.

**Tarnish.** *Belmont*—Showing all about man's weakness and what the woman must make up her mind to. An excellent play, notwithstanding.

**Welded.** *Thirty-Ninth St.*—Doris Keane and Ben-Ami in Eugene O'Neill's tiresome exposition of how to be unhappy though in love with your wife.

## Comedy and Things Like That

**Abie's Irish Rose.** *Republic*—We were only fooling all the time. It's a great show.

**Across the Street.** *Hudson*—Terrible.

**Beggar on Horseback.** *Broadhurst*—A dream play that combines effective satire with good old-fashioned laughs—and Roland Young.

**Fashion.** *Greenwich Village*—Old-fashioned comedy in deliberately funny revival in the old-fashioned manner.

**For All of Us.** *Lyric*—William Hodge just a-smilin'.

**The Goose Hangs High.** *Bijou*—An entertaining view of the young folks in their relation to their elders.

**Helena's Boys.** *Henry Müller's*—To be reviewed later.

**Meet the Wife.** *Klaw*—Mary Boland as a lion-hunting bigamist.

**Nancy Ann.** *Forty-Ninth St.*—Reviewed in this issue.

**The Nervous Wreck.** *Sam H. Harris*—Otto Kruger and June Walker in a farce with shooting and incessant laughter.

**The Potters.** *Plymouth*—Middle-class home life accurately dragged into the light, with Donald Meek as the pitiful *père*.

**The Show-Off.** *Playhouse*—Just about as good a job as has ever been done in the field of everyday characterization. Don't let it go by.

**Spring Cleaning.** *Eltinge*—Entertaining dirt, with a fine cast, including Estelle Winwood, Violet Heming, Arthur Byron and A. E. Mathews.

**The Swan.** *Cort*—Eva Le Gallienne in what you mean when you say "distinguished comedy."

## Eye and Ear Entertainment

**Artists and Models.** *Winter Garden*—Low-grade stuff.

**Charlot's Revue.** *Times Square*—London stars in our idea of what a revue ought to be.

**Kid Boots.** *Earl Carroll*—Eddie Cantor at his funniest.

**Little Jessie James.** *Little*—A song-hit making a show go.

**Lollipop.** *Knickerbocker*—Generally good and tuneful.

**Mary Jane McKane.** *Imperial*—Mary Hay and Hal Skelly in a nice little show.

**Moonlight.** *Longacre*—Julia Sanderson in the midst of a lot of songs.

**Mr. Battling Buttler.** *Selwyn*—All right if you don't care much.

**Music Box Revue.** *Music Box*—Spectacular and Timex.

**Paradise Alley.** *Casino*—Reviewed in this issue.

**Poppy.** *Apollo*—Madge Kennedy and W. C. Fields in one of the old standbys. Still just about as good as there is.

**Runnin' Wild.** *Colonial*—Good Negro show with spring additions.

**Sitting Pretty.** *Fulton*—To be reviewed next week.

**Stepping Stones.** *Globe*—Fred Stone and family in their customary hit.

**Sweet Little Devil.** *Central*—Well, there's Constance Binney.

**Vogues.** *Shubert*—To be reviewed next week.

**Ziegfeld Follies.** *New Amsterdam*—Much the same.



ROLAND YOUNG IN "BEGGAR ON HORSEBACK."



"AREN'T THOSE SPANISH POETRY LECTURES THEY'RE BROADCASTING FROM CUBA ADORABLE, PEGGY? IT'S SO MUCH MORE *mental* WHEN YOU CAN'T UNDERSTAND THE LANGUAGE!"

"WILLIAM, define the temperate zone."

"A strip of water twelve miles wide off the coast of America."

FIRST AVIATOR (*at county fair*): What shall we do for excitement?

SECOND AVIATOR: Let's take a ride on the Ferris wheel.

### "Your Wife Is Calling, Sir"

"I'M sorry to disturb you, honey, but Willie cut his finger and I wondered if you thought there would be danger of blood-poisoning. He was playing in the sedan and knocked the windows out with his hammer."

\* \* \*

"I'm sorry to break in on your work like this, dear, but Mother arrived this morning and I thought you'd like to know it so you could bring her some flowers when you come home."

\* \* \*

"I'm sorry to have to call you like this but that stuff you fixed in the basement is running all over the place and I thought you'd like to know. You told me to tell you when it started to ferment."

\* \* \*

"I'm sorry to bother you, dear, but it's such a pretty day I thought I'd come downtown and have lunch with you and see if I could pick up something in the way of a hat. Now just say so if it isn't convenient."

McCready Huston.



"HOW MUCH FOR THE BOAT?"

"IT'S NOT FOR SALE, SONNY."

"I WON'T SAIL IT."





III J Duncan

"AND HOW'S YOUR WIFE? I HAVEN'T SEEN HER FOR A COUPLE OF YEARS."  
"NEITHER HAVE I."

## Paul Revere's Ride

(Rewritten for Followers of "The Sport of Kings")

By "Clocker"

(CONTINENTAL NEWS SERVICE)

CHARLESTOWN, April 18, 1775.—Two Lanterns, by Belfry out of Night Watch, ran away with the Cocked Hat Handicap, the feature race of the program here this evening, establishing a new record for the course and rewarding New England backers at good odds. The race was a great upset for the British form players, who were figuring on Surprise and lost heavily.

Paul Revere was up, and gave the weight-carrying three-year-old a fine ride. Two Lanterns stepped the distance in the remarkable time of 2:47.06. He had Surprise headed from the start, winning under double wraps. It was a cold night.

Jockey Revere had trouble with Two Lanterns at the post. The colt was fractious, and whinnied so constantly he nearly broke up the whole show. The New England Stewards showed considerable concern, and there was talk of setting Revere down for bringing such a loud mount into the sylvan quiet of this beau-

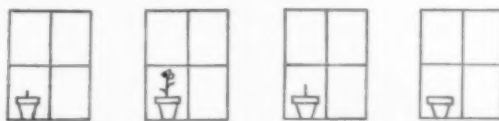
tiful track, but fortunately no disciplinary action was found necessary.

The fast time of Revere's ride caused him to be awarded an ovation as he came under the wire. Remember, however, that Revere should not get too much credit. The horse did all the running. Paul just sat there, shouting all the way around to people near the track. He kept yelling something about the British, but could not be understood. A rumor around the Charlestown paddock had it that Paul had a bet down himself on Surprise and was pulling his mount. The Stewards did not have to investigate, however, as the result spoke for itself.

Two Lanterns broke in front, and at Medford he was leading by a nose, at Lexington by a head, at The Bridge by a neck, at Concord by an epiglottis, and coming into the stretch he pulled away to win in a walk.

Pneumonia, daughter of Wet Feet and Prohibition, also ran.

Weed Dickinson.



THE GLORIOUS CHANGING SEASONS IN THE TENEMENT

## Broadcastings

By Montague Glass

**M**R. JOHNSON of the Johnson Immigration Law may conscientiously believe that the Italian ingredient of our rapidly cooling melting pot is inferior in quality to some of the other ingredients, but he cannot in all reason expect that any Italian is going to agree with him unless it be Mr. Gino Speranza. Mr. Speranza not only endorses Congressman Johnson's opinion but he is even writing articles in the *World's Work* magazine to show how utterly unassimilable the Speranzas of America can be. To be sure, he is making a rather poor job of it, since the only half-way valid argument he has advanced so far is that an American of Italian descent such as Mr. Speranza can be so little Americanized after two generations of residence in America as to libel the racial stock to which he belongs. This in itself proves nothing, more particularly as he has now passed from the Italian phase of our melting pot troubles to a consideration of the Mexicans of New Mexico and the Cajuns of Louisiana. These benighted "foreigners" have lived in America since long before the Revolutionary War and still speak Spanish and French, just as those well-known British "aliens," the Scottish Highlanders and the Welsh peasants, have lived in the British Isles for upward of two thousand years and still speak Gaelic and Welsh. It is all very sad and rendered more so by the publication in Mr. Speranza's last article of a half-tone print, to illustrate the difference between New England and Louisianian church architecture. It is a foggy reproduction of the Cathedral in Mexico City.

\*\*\*

**M**R. MAXWELL BODENHEIM has recently published his fifth or sixth volume of verse, and a reviewer in the *Nation* makes the rather just observation that while it is quite as well done as the first, he is a

trifle disappointed in it, because the quality which he admired in Mr. Bodenheim's first work was preciousity. Aluminum was a precious metal at first, but while its quality remains the same, ease of manufacture has caused it to become base. Perhaps the reason why Max Beerbohm's literary reputation continually grows more secure is that he serves his sparkling wit in liqueur glasses, a little at a time. Our American Beerbohms treat their public as the Cheshire farmer wanted to be treated at a tenants' dinner. He was given a thimbleful of Benedictine at the close of a meal, and after he had tossed it down in one gulp he turned to

the Squire's daughter and said: "I'll 'ave some more of that in a mug, Miss, if you don't mind."

\* \* \*

**C**ANON HANNAY in one of his books speaks of an Irish villager practicing on the cornet with the encouragement of his friends, who were anxious to add a cornetist to the personnel of the village band. His name was Larry, and he constantly tried to reach the high note in "God Save Ireland." He always missed it, but not for lack of sympathy from his listeners, who would shout at the critical moment: "Lift it, Larry, lift it!" This is not at all like the accompanist who, according to Sigmund Spaeth, suffered keenly when the singer wandered from the pitch. One day he was rehearsing a soprano whose intonation was particularly faulty. He glared at her savagely and said: "Lady, lady, what in hell is the matter with you. I try you with the black keys. I try you with the white keys. You sing always in the cracks."

\* \* \*

**O**NE might even say that Mr. D. W. Sinclair is slightly off the pitch and singing in the cracks when he says during the course of his article in the *March American Mercury* that the test of a good orchestral conductor is the amount of

(Continued on page 35)



## How to Miss a Train

**Y**OU pull down the roll-top a few minutes late.  
Say, at ten after five, when it should have been eight.

And all things thereafter are ordered by Fate  
To buffet and block you.

A visiting friend holds you up at the door,  
The express elevator won't stop at your floor  
And the subway is crowded as never before  
With people who knock you.

You journey uptown like a fretful sardine,  
You curse at the stations and pray in between  
And glare at your watch, which says five-seventeen  
(The train leaves at twenty):

Then into the Terminal, bursting with wrath,  
You crash with the might of Goliath of Gath,  
And woe to the woman or child in your path  
Or feeble old genty.

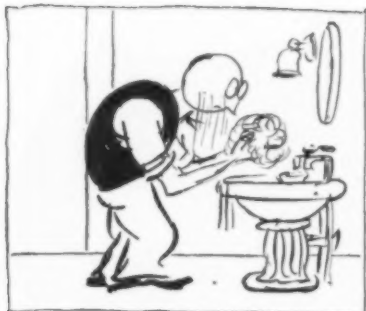
You skate down the incline which leads to the street  
And lengthen your stride to about seven feet.

While you murmur remarks which I may not repeat:  
They are so lower-level.

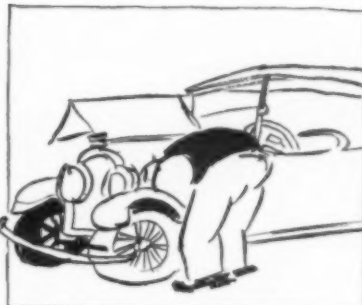
You skid round the turn like a racing Fiat,  
You do the last hundred in ten seconds flat,  
Then bang! goes the gate: oh, d... (meaning drat).

You've missed it, poor devil!

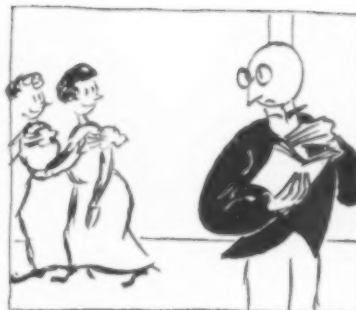
George S. Chappell.



"I WASH MY FACE EVERY DAY WITH A CERTAIN KIND OF SOAP, BUT JUST CAN'T GET THAT SCHOOLGIRL COMPLEXION."



"WHEN WORSE AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT I WILL BUY THEM."



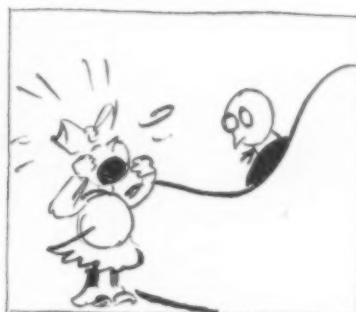
"I READ THE CLASSICS FIFTEEN MINUTES EVERY DAY—WHY DO WOMEN AVOID ME?"



"I HAVE NO LUXURY HOUR."



"THOUGH I TRY TO SAVE THE SURFACE ON THE THEORY THAT IT WILL SAVE ALL, STILL I AM ONE OF THE FOUR OUT OF FIVE WHO HAVE PYORRHEA."



"MY CHILDREN CRY ALL DAY—BUT NOT FOR IT."



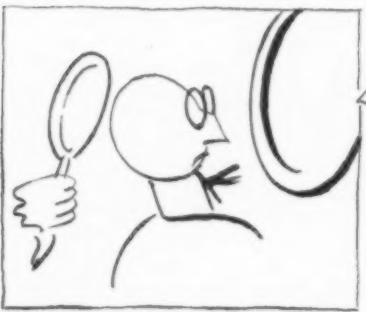
"I ASKED THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE AND HE SAID, 'I DON'T KNOW.'"



"I CAN'T OBEY THAT IMPULSE BECAUSE I NEVER HAVE ANY IMPULSES."



"I WALKED A MILE FOR A CIGARETTE, BUT THERE WASN'T ANY THERE."



"I HAVEN'T ANY HAIR TO STAYCOMBED."



"I LEARNED TO DRAW AT HOME."



"SAY IT TO ME WITH FLOWERS."

"I Am a Failure"

# THE SILENT DRAMA



## "Secrets"

IN "Secrets," her latest venture, Norma Talmadge displays a change of pace which is arresting, if nothing else. She wears almost every known form of full dress costume as displayed in the pages of fashion magazines from *Godey's Ladies' Book* to *Vogue*. This marks a sharp divergence from her preceding picture, "The Song of Love," in which she wore the next thing to no costumes at all.

"Secrets" is rather similar in structure to "Smilin' Through"—and is vastly better. It has plenty of sentiment, to be sure, and a heavy precipitation of glistening tear-drops; but it also has sustained interest, and it is rich in beauty.

Miss Talmadge is confronted throughout the picture by Eugene O'Brien, who is said to be the perfect lover. Well, maybe he is, at that. One must never forget that it takes all kinds to make a world.

## The Laugh Shortage

AS a matter of literary routine, every correspondent must suspend his usual activities at periodic intervals, and view something or other with alarm. Consequently, permit me to call attention to the shocking decline of good old-fashioned slap-stick comedies.

Time was when the humble two-reeler represented the oasis in a desert of arid hokum. When either Charlie Chaplin, Harold Lloyd or Buster Keaton was available at the tag end of any program, one did not have to worry about the dullness of the feature film. Nor were they the only clowns that could be counted upon in a pinch: there were Clyde Cook, Lloyd Hamilton, the Mack Sennettors, and others.

Now Keaton and Lloyd have waxed ambitious and make only three or four long pictures a year.

Chaplin is even more occasional. The others are heard from infre-

quently. The Christies, to be sure, continue their traditional routine, but their comedies are too polite to be classified in the slap-stick group.

Is this regrettable condition due to the increased length of feature pictures? Or is it the result of loftier dignity among the cinemaristocracy?

If the latter, let us by all means get back to the dear old infancy days! Let us return to the flour bin! I, for one, am seriously in need of a good laugh.

## "The Fighting Coward"

BOOTH TARKINGTON'S romantic play, "Magnolia," possessed remarkable possibilities for the movies, and those of us who saw it in its original stage form awaited eagerly the day when it should reach the screen.

It is now duly recorded on the cellu-

loid strips and it is, regrettably, a disappointment. Although James Cruze directed it, "The Fighting Coward" (as the story is now called) fails to fulfill the glowing expectations; as was the case with "Ruggles of Red Gap," Mr. Cruze seems to have missed the point.

"The Fighting Coward" concerns itself with a sensitive boy—a poet and a butterfly hunter—who was reared in the chivalrous but belligerent South in the days when gentlemen talked much of their "honuh" and when women were called "females." Cast forth from his home as a weakling, he started out to learn systematically the fine art of murder as it was then practiced in the Mississippi Valley. On his return to his native Magnolia, he cowed with the flick of an eyelash the very bullies who had oppressed him and had hooted him away.

Mr. Cruze has exaggerated sentiment at the expense of drama in his development of this rattling story, and he has placed in the leading rôle an actor—Cullen Landis—who is entirely out of his element. In this way, "The Fighting Coward" falls short. There are, however, two excellent performances, by Ernest Torrence and Noah Beery, some swift and stirring action, and a number of strikingly effective backgrounds.

"The Fighting Coward" is good; it should have been better.

THE case of "The Fighting Coward" emphasizes the dangers of excessive optimism. Joyful, hopeful slogans like "Look for the Silver Lining" and "Greet Mr. Trouble with a Grin" are all very well—but they inevitably breed disappointment.

Hereafter, I shall cultivate a gloomy outlook upon the film industry as a whole. I shall expect nothing. And, as a result, what merit I do encounter will be just so much velvet.

Robert E. Sherwood.



NORMA TALMADGE IN "SECRETS"





*All out-doors invites your Kodak*

*Autographic Kodaks \$6.50 up*

*At your dealer's*

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N.Y., *The Kodak City*



## AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

### The Missing Notebook

An interesting advertisement which appeared in the college paper:

"If the gentleman who took my Psychology notes from the cloakrack will return them before exams, no questions will go unanswered."—*Colorado Dodo*.

### Amanuensis de Luxe

THE NOUVEAU-RICHE: I have eight servants, three autos, and a secretary who dictates my letters to me.

—*Le Rire (Paris)*.

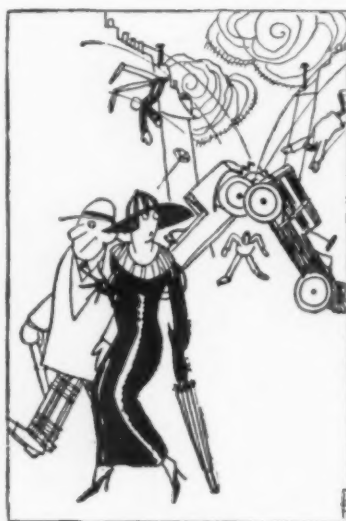
"Look! That dog is drinking up the punch!"

"Well, he isn't my dog."

—*Stanford Chaparral*.

AFTER a fellow finally works his way out of debt he draws a deep breath of satisfaction and then goes in debt again.

—*Country Gentleman*.



### APPREHENSION

"OH, WHAT A FRIGHT I HAD! I THOUGHT MY DRESS WAS TEARING."

—*Le Pêle-Mêle (Paris)*.

### Merton from Manhattan

A young magazine editor of New York took a trip to California and happened in upon Hollywood. He was invited to a motion picture party and decided to put off his usual reserve and diffidence and enter fully into the spirit of the occasion. He devoted his attention throughout the evening to a young film actress.

"I will be wild," he determined. "I will be rowdy. I will behave with all the abandon for which Hollywood is famous."

He did his best, but suddenly, as he was playing the rôle to the limit of his capacity, the young woman broke down and wept.

The editor asked the cause of her distress, and with tears in her eyes she looked up and said: "I've been here almost a year now and you're the first fellow that's acted to me like a gentleman."

—*Heywood Brown, in New York World*.

### The Mercenary

MAMMA: Now, Bobby, if you are good to-day while I'm out I'll give you a whole penny.

BOBBY: All right; I'll do anything for money.—*Punch*.

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## OUR FOOLISH CONTEMPORARIES



### A Little Lesson

Little Solange, six years old, was looking at herself in the mirror ceaselessly and making a thousand and one elegant gestures. Her good mother, without appearing to notice, began to tell her:

"I once knew a little girl who thought she was very beautiful, but it was really just the opposite, and the more she admired herself the uglier and more frightful she actually became, and one day..."

But Solange continued to survey herself.

"Oh, Mother dear," she said with a languid air, "if you only knew how little that story interests me!"

—L'Écho de Paris.

### They Naturally Would

A Boston man traveling in the South got to chatting with the little Negro boy who was polishing his shoes and inquired his name.

"'Gen,' sah," was the reply.

"'Jen'? That's a girl's name, isn't it?"

"Ah spells it wif a G, not a J, sah."

"Oh, possibly an abbreviation of 'General,'" said the Boston man.

"No, sah; 'tain't zackly dat," was the reply. "Mah sho'-nough name am 'Genesis, xxx., 33. So shall my righteousness answer for me in time to come' Washington Carter, but dey jest calls me 'Gen' for short."—Boston Transcript.

In a Pinch, use ALLEN'S FOOT-EASE

### Premature Dramatics

The domestic row had been even more violent than usual.

"This is the last straw—the end!" stormed the enraged husband. "I'm going to leave you! Now! Forever!"

"You can't, dear," retorted his wife, suspiciously sweetly. "Your trousers haven't come back from the cleaner's."

—American Legion Weekly.

### The Law's Blind Side

DRUGGIST (to desperate-looking customer): A gram of arsenic? I can't let you have it without a prescription. If you want to kill somebody, why don't you get a revolver?—you are free to buy them in six-dozen lots.

—L'illustration (Paris).

### La Vraie Élegante

"What a topping get-up!"

"Do you like it?"

"Oh, my dear, I simply love it. It's just too hideously fashionable for words!"—Bystander (London).

NEWLY ELECTED CLUB MEMBER: Mr. De Vere, I presume?

OLD ESTABLISHED CLUB MEMBER: You do!—London Opinion.



father how much does your shaving cream cost father said 35c mother said five dollars and 35c would be more like it wallace your father forgot the plumber bill for taking out all those lost caps that stopped up the drain pipe



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## Mrs. Pep's Diary

(Continued from page 14)

spirited dancing, and Sam did cavort to some of the tunes before going to bed and confided that were he not the great barrister he is, he had liefer be a song and dance man than anything on earth.

April  
12th

Lay late, regarding the chintz about my bedroom, deciding that it must be replaced, which depresses me thoroughly. I would that hangings and coverings could renew themselves from year to year like trees and plants, for it is the machinery of life rather than its sorrow which is responsible for the strides made in the cosmetic industry.... Lydia Loomis to luncheon with me, in a gown so lovely that the tenth commandment slipped my mind, and she volunteered permission for my sempstress to copy it, which I am glad of. She did tell me also that there is a woman in this town who for the paltry sum of twenty-five dollars a month will hold the right thought for you, and that many women of our acquaintance are subsidizing her. Such quackery is well enough for a zany like Lydia, because if she feel herself insured against misfortune, the chances are that none will befall her. ... This day I did begin to knit another Afghan.

Baird Leonard.

## Diogenes

HAVE you found, on land or seas,  
What you sought, Diogenes?  
Or, as this our sphere you scan,  
Can't you spy an honest man?

You have worked for centuries  
On your quest, Diogenes.  
Are you just where you began—  
Hard up for an honest man?

E. S. V. Z.

## Duveen Brothers

PAINTINGS  
PORCELAINS  
TAPESTRIES  
OBJETS D'ART

New York

Paris

## Kept After Hours

SHE had been married but two weeks, and her aviator husband was employed as a sky-writer for an advertising concern. The dinner was growing cold, as delayed dinners usually do. Nervously she searched the heavens; a shuddering sigh escaped her trembling lips. The 'phone rang.

"Hello," she answered breathlessly.

"Hello, Mrs. James," came the reply. "This is the general manager of the Sky's-the-Limit Advertising Company. Your husband had an unfortunate mishap while at work this afternoon and I fear that he will not be home for dinner. His eyes were in terrible shape."

"Oh—oh, dear!" cried Mrs. James faintly. "Isn't there anything that can be done to cure him?"

"Well," responded the voice of the general manager, "he ought to learn by experience. This is the third time

that I've had to send him back twenty-five miles to dot 'em."

"Do you believe in evolution?"

"Well, I'm open to conviction, but whenever I travel on the subway I'm convinced that it hasn't started yet."

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12 VAN HEUSEN STYLES—50c

**VAN HEUSEN**  
the World's Smartest COLLAR

Ask your dealer for Van Craft, a new negligee shirt with the Van Heusen Collar attached.

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Lawyer: THAT'S A PERFECT ALIBI—THE JURY IS BOUND TO ACQUIT YOU WHEN THEY HEAR THAT.  
"THANK HEAVEN, MY ROTTEN GOLF FOR THE PAST TEN YEARS HAS NOT BEEN IN VAIN."

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Four-Door Sedan

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**A** LONG time ago most men acknowledged the futility of trying to convince a woman that there was nothing complicated about the use of the old-fashioned gear shift.

She knew differently.

So we offer this suggestion to the man who really wants his wife to drive:

—arrange for her to have a Chandler demonstration.

Let her learn by using the Traffic Transmission that Chandler has made it impossible to clash gears or to fail in any attempted speed change.

Let her learn that its operation is so simple and easy that she can drive coolly through the thickest traffic and

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Let her learn, too, that the silent and flawlessly smooth Pikes Peak Motor insures absolute power mastery over every motoring situation.

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Yet with all these exclusive qualities of performance and beauty, they offer complete closed car satisfaction at a lower extra cost over open models than any other builder of quality sixes has ever before achieved.

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The comfortable, well appointed cabin liner with its moderate priced accommodations—40% less than on express steamers—has opened a new era in European travel. People of moderate means, who have hesitated to visit the Old World because of expense, today are traveling by cabin liners.

To meet the ever increasing demand for this economical and agreeable transatlantic service, the Royal Mail now has four famous "O" steamers, the *Ohio*, *Orca*, *Orduna*, *Orbita*—a luxurious cabin liner fleet. Each of these splendid ships is noted for its delightful atmosphere, spacious cabins, broad promenade decks and excellent cuisine. An unsurpassed service at moderate cost, with sailings from New York to

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distrusts perpetual grouch and gloom as out of focus, abnormal. Everybody gets out the wrong side of bed occasionally—but, *why stay there?* The reader of LIFE, with his sane, well-balanced habit of cheerfulness, knows it is a long way to the bow-wows yet, so he smiles, and waits his up-swing in the terrestrial seesaw. To attain this cheerful outlook, the optimistic viewpoint, read *LIFE with Its Laugh on Every Page* for a year, or try our

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Five Pennsylvania Quality  
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THE BUTCHER IN A MOMENT OF ABSTRACTION WEIGHS HIS  
OWN NEW-BORN INFANT WHILE RESTING HIS HAND ON  
THE SCALES.



# Broadcastings

(Continued from page 24)

enthusiasm with which he can infect his players. Mr. Sinclair was a fiddler in several of the symphony orchestras—in fact, in so many of them that one cannot help wondering whether, in view of his changing employment as a musician, he fiddles as well as he writes. At any rate, it is refreshing to learn about conductors from a musician who has played under their batons rather than from a critic who has slept through their programs, especially as Mr. Sinclair is an entertaining if caustic writer. Apparently he was aroused to no particular enthusiasm except by Mr. Mengelberg, and the warmth with which he sings Mr. Mengelberg's praises leads one to believe that he is at present playing under Mr. Mengelberg's baton. All the other conductors with whom he performed he either curses out with the faintest of faint praise or with no praise at all. There may be no other reason for this attitude than Mr. Sinclair's artistic conscience, but on the other hand, one ought to suspend judgment on an orchestral player's estimate of symphony orchestra conductors until the symphony orchestra conductors have published their opinion of orchestral players.

\* \* \*

THESE gentlemen in my observation are a rather queer lot. Most of them receive the minimum wage prescribed by the local musical union, which is approximately the amount of money earned by a competent clothing salesman (retail), and it is about all



## In the Dead of Night

In the dead of night a fire breaks out—the alarm must be given. A child is taken sick—the doctor must be called. A thief enters the home—the police must be located.

In the dead of night the American turns to his telephone, confident he will find it ready for the emergency. He knows that telephone exchanges are open always, the operators at their switchboards, the wires ready to vibrate with his words. He has only to lift the receiver from its hook to hear that calm, prompt "Number, please." The constant availability of his telephone gives him security, and makes his life more effective in wider horizons.

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they are worth. Their prime qualification for their jobs is that they are able to play, with a certain ease of execution, anything which is put before them, including such specks on the page as may have been deposited there accidentally by insects or lunch-eating copyists, but that they are susceptible of being inspired by any musical conductor short of a miracle worker is more than doubtful. My sympathy goes out to the orchestra conductors of the country. What with the boards of trustees, the

musical committees and the musical critics, they have led, as one might say, a dawg's life. And now we have an orchestral player becoming literate and biting the hands that fed him or perhaps fired him. *Es fehlt nur noch*, as the average orchestra player would say if asked to rehearse sixty seconds longer than the rules of the union prescribed.

WHAT Washington seems to need is a few houses on O. K. Street.

**Old English  
Silver**

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# ! betrayed

*Their first conversation betrayed the fact that she was not fastidious.*

AT a distance she had appeared unusually neat, immaculate. But upon their first face-to-face meeting he discovered that her teeth were not clean. And he soon lost interest.

So many people overlook this one matter of fastidiousness. And do so in spite of the fact that in conversation the teeth are the one most noticeable thing about you.

Notice today how you, yourself, watch another person's teeth when he or she is talking. If the teeth are not well kept they at once become a liability.

*Listerine Tooth Paste cleans teeth a new way. At last our chemists have discovered a polishing ingredient that really cleans without scratching the enamel—a difficult problem finally solved.*

You will notice the improvement even in the first few days. And you know it is cleaning safely.

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What are your teeth saying about you today?  
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**LISTERINE  
TOOTH PASTE**  
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## Sure Way to Get Rid of Dandruff

There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just get about four ounces of plain, ordinary liquid arvon; apply it at night when retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop instantly, and your hair will be lustrous, glossy, silky and soft, and look and feel a hundred times better.

You can get liquid arvon at any drug store and four ounces is all your will need. This simple remedy has never been known to fail.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, O.

## "We Want Bigger and Better Wars"

(Continued from page 13)

Frenchmen, (d) Albinos (all or each), drive a Ford with a Japanese license tag up to a Socony service station in Hoboken, or other convenient locality near a telegraph office, and obtain five gallons of gasoline, presenting in payment therefor a lead dollar or a fistful of German marks. This is what is known, in international fin—I mean, politics, as "confiscation" and "interference with American interests," and it never fails to get quick results. Preferably, the man in the white uniform who tends the service station should be rapped smartly on the wrist. This is "indignity and injury to an American citizen," and is simply awful. Remember that "American citizen" and "American property" are technical terms. Make sure (1) that there's oil on the premises; (2) that it's Standard Oil; (3) that the victim is a Standard Oil employee. Others don't count.

DONALD CARY WILLIAMS,  
1697 Cambridge St., Cambridge,  
Mass.

## The Twentieth Amendment

AMEND the Constitution to Prohibit War!

W. H. FARNUM,  
876 Woodbine Ave., Rochester,  
N. Y.

## The Power of the Press-Bureau

As a starter I suggest a disarmament conference in order that all Armies and Navies may be reduced to good fighting trim. Then call some hero of the last war (George Creel?) to be chairman of a committee on public misinformation. Within a month he could have us believing that we were threatened by the Swiss Navy. Then, when the next American tourist tumbles off a mountain in the Alps, blame the Swiss Government, and the row is on.

FRED S. TUPPER,  
25 Holyoke House, Cambridge,  
Mass.

## The Old Gag

My plan is quite simple and could easily be carried out within two weeks. It is based on Government ownership of the press.

The immediate result could easily be pictured by any cubist or futurist. In one short day the columns of all publications could be opened to Government propaganda designed to dope the public mind. In the space usually designated for local news, we would be told day after day that there was no escape from another and worse war. Glancing half-heartedly through this, we would then turn to the sports section, only to find that we were not prepared for such another war as must surely engulf us. Trying to change the subject, we hunt the market quotations, where we are confronted with the startling fact that foreign nations are even at this very moment plotting against



## Don't have tired, aching muscles

Muscles balk at sudden spring exercise. To enjoy a spring day at your favorite sport—to start the season without suffering that disagreeable setback—make sure that Absorbine, Jr. is in your kit or locker.

Apply it promptly. As if by magic it prevents the coming on of that stiff, lame feeling. You are fit as usual the next day.

You will like the agreeable odor of Absorbine, Jr. It is easy and clean to use. Keep it handy as a first aid.

At all druggists', \$1.25, or postpaid.  
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us. Furtively we seek the comics, but alas! We might just as well reconcile ourselves that our very own national safety is in danger! Fifteen days of this and we would be ready to fight anybody.

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THE verdict is now in your hands —if you do not find from actual use that Ingram's Therapeutic Shaving Cream gives you a quicker, closer shave, without the customary smarting after effect—and that it leaves your face as soft and cool as though you had used a lotion—we will refund its full purchase price. Get a jar from your druggist, or if he cannot supply you, send 50c with his name and address and we will mail a jar direct to you. If you are not entirely satisfied, return the jar and your money will be refunded. Or send 2c stamp for sample. Recommended particularly for a tender skin.

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*Try them tonight  
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PALL MALL *Specials*  
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There's nothing new about the *thrill*  
you get from the new Pall Mall *Spe-*  
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and the *value* are *new*. In a new size  
comes peerless Pall Mall—packed  
20 in a box—each cigarette slightly  
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and with plain ends—but with the  
matchless Pall Mall quality faithfully  
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*Made in a wide variety of regular and fancy styles in all popular materials for men, women and children. If not obtainable locally, write for price-list and illustrated booklet.*

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